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ORIGINAL POETRY.

RECANTATION.

TO ELIZA.*

AND, said I, that I stand alone,
None to approve when duty's done?
That all my dearest hopes were crossed;
That every stay, on earth, was lost;
And that I still might heave the sigh,
And bitter tears might swell my eye?—
O impious fool! where is thy God,
Does he ne'er ease thy bosom's load?

Who cherishes thy infant brood
With more than raiment, health, and food?
Who from his vast exhaustless stores
The light of knowledge on them pours?
And from his goodness, unconfined,
With virtue nourishes the mind?
The "Father of the fatherless,"
Has he not ample power to bless?

Is there a wretch whose bleeding heart,
Just sever'd from its dearest part,
Is writhing, anguish'd with the wound;
While deep ingulph'd in grief profound
The soul distracted, through the gloom
Beholds no object, save the tomb?
Bid her look up, for God on high
Will hear the *Widow's* deep drawn sigh.

Is there a parent bending o'er
Her Hope, her darling, now *no more*,
Not all her tears, which dew his face,
One stiffen'd feature can release;
Alas! her second stay is gone,
And now on earth she feels alone.

To *Nature's Parent* lift thy eye;
He will assuage a Mother's sigh.

Are friend's but few, is fortune gone,
Are all thy dearest wishes flown?
Where most thou'st trusted, and believed,
Say, hast thou there been most deceiv'd?
Has worldly cares nigh broke thy heart,
And hast thou pray'd with life to part?

Raise! raise poor wretch! thy soul on high,
God "wipes the tears from every eye."

Lurgan.

DELIA.

* See the poem to Eliza, entitled, "An answer to the question, why do you sigh," *Pelham Magazine*, No. 32, Vol. VI. page 219.

SIMPLICITY.

COME, dear Eliza, let us walk,
And if thou'll hear my idle talk,
I'll tell thee who I would invite
To visit in my rural bower;
In whose society, delight
To spend in converse sweet, an hour:
And here our tastes will, sure, agree;
For thou, too, lov'st simplicity.

I would not have the vainly gay
Within my rustic bounds to stray,
Nor those who value pomp and show,
Or crowd the splendid midnight scene;
Whose fleeting joys from grandeur flow,
Who love not rural peace serene:
Such tastes and mine could ne'er agree,
For I love meek simplicity.

I wish not for the sordid elf
Whose heart is cent'ring in his pelf;
Nor he whose breast false glory fires,
Who wades through blood to gain renown,
Or when ambition's call inspires
Would trample modest merit down:
All such may pass, nor stop with me,
They cannot love simplicity.

But ye who love the rural scene
Of groves, and glades, and meadows green,
Who love the gurgling of the stream,
Or love to saunter with a book,
Or wrapt in sweet poetic dream
On Nature's charms with rapture look,
O! call and spend an hour with me,
For you, too, love simplicity.

If thou lov'st the silent shade
Where no passing steps invade,
If most at ev'ning's solemn hour
Thou lov'st to steal from noise and strife,
And feel calm nature's genial power
To raise thy thoughts above this life;
O! I would be a *friend* to thee,
Because thou lov'st simplicity.

If the bleat of flocks thou love,
And the warbling of the grove,
If thou love to steal along
By the margin of a stream,
List'ning to eve's latest song
By the moon's mild lucid beam;
If nature still has charms for thee,
Then thou lov'st simplicity.